The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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POETRY.

Little or Much.

BY WM. ANDREW MOONEYHAM.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I'm called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where is my grave,
Whether in land, or deep in the sea;
By purling brook, 'neath stormy waves,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

Deferred Articles.

The St. Domingo treaty has been defeated, as was that in relation to the little earthquake island of St. Thomas. In both these attempts to buy up real estate in the West Indies, our government has placed itself in a very undignified position, and we trust for the credit of the country, our [illegible] will wait in future for fruit of that description to ripen before they attempt to pluck it.

The colored laborers are coming this way. A Knoxville paper says the trains coming east are crowded with hands who have been employed on the Alabama and Chattanooga R. R., and who are promised situations on the Blue Ridge R. R., and the railroads in North Carolina. Just in time for the elections, if they hurry up.

Don Piatt, the intelligent correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, speaking of the Republican party says: "Born of patriot impulses, it built large navies, organized vast armies, and through long campaigns with bloody battles, saved the nation from the jaws of hell.—*Asheville Pioneer.*

All very pretty; but why did you not finish what he said? Here is the winding up of Don's remarks, commencing just where you left off. "Its immediate cause of dissolution was *trichinia*. Certain vermin, known as thieves, plunderers and protectionists, ate into its vitals, causing a dreadful nausea, a bad smell, and a sudden death. The late Republican party is the deadest dead thing above ground, and if the surviving friends wish to retain for it any feelings of respect, they will hasten to its funeral."

We think that puts the matter in quite another light, don't you?

What a curious commentary upon radical reconstruction of the South is presented by the fact that Georgia is still denied representation in Congress by the radical majority, while President Grant has just called a citizen of Georgia to his cabinet and the Senate has confirmed the nomination. If Georgia is *not* in the Union, what business has the President with a Georgian in his cabinet? If Georgia is in the Union, what right has Congress to deny her representation in either Senate or House? That is the question.

A few days since a young man named Barbora got upon the rear car of a train at Patterson, N. J., smoking a cigar.—As the train started he remained upon the platform, refusing the invitation of a comrade to step inside, remarking: "I'll smoke this cigar if I die by it." These words had hardly escaped his lips when he fell from the platform to the ground and was instantly killed.

Mr. J. C. Stanton, a true blue radical from Boston, who is building the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, finds that he can do it more cheaply by employing Chinese than colored men, so he has ordered 1,500 Chinese from California, and is turning the latter off.

Miss Amy M. Brady is the first woman office-holder in North Carolina. She has been appointed Examiner of Schools in New Hanover county.—*Exchange.*

How about the lady "postmasters" we have had in this State for a long while back? Are they not office-holders?

Two girls living near Carlinville, Illinois, have taken a contract to cut fifty cords of wood.

ADDRESS OF HON. W. M. SHIPP.

To the People of North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 2d, 1870.

I have heretofore been announced as a candidate for Attorney General of North Carolina. Sacrificing my own private interest and yielding to the solicitations of numerous friends I have consented to occupy that position. Under the present Constitution the selection of that officer devolves upon the people. This officer is made by the Constitution ex-officio the legal adviser of the Executive Department; by law he is required to defend all actions in the Supreme Court, and also upon the request of the Governor or Legislature to appear in behalf of the people of the State in all causes or matters, civil or criminal, in which the people are interested, and to prosecute and defend all suits relating to matters connected with the several branches of the Executive Department.

Before asking your support for this very important office, I think it my duty to state briefly my views and principles. I sympathise fully in the efforts of the Conservative party to introduce retrenchment and reform, and relieve the State from the misrule under which she is unfortunately laboring. I am opposed to the party in power, because I think they have deceived and abused the confidence of the people; they have heaped upon them onerous taxes; they have vastly increased the public debt; they have wasted the public money, they have endeavored to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; and are now attempting to crush the spirit of the people under the heel of military power.

One question which has heretofore agitated and disturbed the public mind is settled beyond controversy. I mean the question of negro suffrage. His rights are now secured by constitutional provisions of the United States and the State government. I do not, nor does any other *Southern* man, desire to disturb this constitutional settlement, much less to reduce the negro to slavery again, as is sometimes charged. All are willing to lend him a helping hand. It remains for him to say how he will exercise the important privileges secured to him. Whether he will act the manly part of a freeman and think for himself, or whether he will be led and controlled by the arts and duplicity of designing and ambitious men. It behooves him to consider well his position, act well his part, and when he votes, do so with reflection and with an eye single to the welfare of his country. Attractive names and party epithets will not save the country. But while this question is settled, this important privilege conceded to the colored man, there is another important proposition impressing itself upon the mind of every just man that is constantly coming up before us. We have been taught to believe that when universal suffrage was attained, that act of justice, universal amnesty, would follow in its wake; but while this important right is conceded to the black man, while he is enfranchised and admitted to all the political privileges of a freeman, hundreds, I may say thousands, of white people are laboring under disabilities imposed by test oaths and constitutional amendments. Good men, patriotic men, men whom the people would delight to honor, are excluded from holding seats in the councils of the country, and even the most insignificant offices. I earnestly desire to see all upon terms of equality. The war ended more than five years since; the Southern armies surrendered to the superior power of the United States; the people as a unit acknowledged allegiance to the Government of the United States. Since that time they have quietly submitted to the laws of the country, to the acts of Congress passed for the government of these States. They now desire to be placed upon terms of political equality with their former slaves and to have the privilege of selecting their best men to represent them in the councils of the nation and to fill the offices of the country. It is difficult to comprehend the denial of this privilege, yet disability bills drag slowly through the Congress of the United States, and are opposed upon partizan grounds alone. Liberality upon the part of our rulers, a little magnanimity exhibited by the Congress of the United States would contribute more to restore confidence and bring about quiet and peace than all the fiery proclamations issued from the Executive Department.

Since the war our State Government has gone through many phases and changes. We had a Provisional Government inaugurated under the auspices of President Johnson and Gov. Holden. That was succeeded by the administration of Gov. Worth. We then had the reconstruction acts and the military rule of Generals Sickles and Canby. Under these reconstruction acts a Convention was called and assembled in the City of Raleigh to amend and adopt a Constitution. They entered upon their work and made a Constitution which they submitted to the people. In that Convention was an immense majority of the Republican party. They submitted an instrument which made many and radical changes in our system, leaving scarcely a relic of the old Constitution behind them. They re-organized the whole judiciary system; they made five Judges of the Supreme Court instead of three as heretofore; they made twelve Judges of the Superior Court instead of eight as heretofore; they abolished the County Courts and substituted a Board of Commissioners and a Probate Judge; they provided for annual sessions of the Legislature instead of biennial as heretofore; they extended the term of the Executive to four years instead of two; they provided for a commission to change the whole system of practice and proceedings in our courts of justice; they created other offices unknown to our former laws; in short they remodeled our system of government. That Constitution was adopted by the people. The Radical party, with few exceptions, elected all their officers in the State and counties and took charge of the State Government. What has been their history from that period to the present. They made magnificent promises. We were to have Railroads almost everywhere—the mountains and the sea were to kiss each other. They promised universal education to the masses, white and black. The agricultural and mineral interests of the country were to be developed. The laws were to be made plain and simple, that every body might understand them. They promised economy in the public expenses, and the poor man was to be the special object of care and consideration on the part of the party which then arose into power.

How have all these promises been fulfilled? Where are the railroads built? The schools in operation? What has been done to develope the great industrial resources of the State? How have the laws been simplified? Where is the economy in public expenses? It can be scarcely necessary to make a serious answer to these questions. Every man's reflection suggests the answer in his own mind.—Here and there in a few towns a school or two—if there be any in the country districts I have not heard of them. The agricultural and mineral interest of the country have been forgotten. It is true, we have had Code Commissioners at work, and although they are intelligent men, yet in their attempt to adopt a system of laws suited to the latitude of New York to the habits and customs of our people, they have succeeded in making a medley that is not understood by the people, by the legal profession, or by the Judges of our Courts. As for the railroads, where are they? Still dragging their slow lengths along. But how have this party succeeded in their financial management? The details of the operations in this department of our system would be marvelous and astonishing.

When the war ended our people were ruined in fortune and largely indebted publicly and privately. The Convention of 1865 repudiated the war debt, but left the debt contracted before the war still in existence. That debt, according to the message of Gov. Holden in November, 1869, was seventeen millions of dollars; a large, very large debt for the impoverished condition of the country. It was asserted likewise that the Constitution required the old debt to be paid and that a refusal or omission to do so would bring upon our heads the shame and disgrace of repudiation. [illegible] and suggestive facts before them, this debt was increased by the party in power, at one bound, almost to near forty millions. Of course the interest of this debt was to be paid regularly and punctually; the ordinary expenses of the Government were likewise to be paid, so that the burden imposed upon the people and to be raised by taxes annually was enormous. These taxes too were to be collected out of all, poor as well as rich. The remorseless tax gatherer knows no friend. To carry out these appropriations bonds were issued and placed in the hands of various Railroad Presidents and Agents and were thrown upon the markets of the world. They were manipulated by brokers, jobbers and speculators. What sums were realized by these speculators is not, and I suppose never will be known. It is certain that the State received no benefit from them.

How these appropriations were passed is a settled conviction. That outside influences were brought to bear, that rings within rings were formed, that money and bonds were used, is not only believed but established by evidence. But the people became outraged, and the Legislature attempted to retrace their steps. They repealed the laws making these appropriations and required a return of the bonds. Some of the Presidents refused to return them, insisting upon their legal rights. Others had sold and hypothecated their bonds for the loan of money, and others were unaccounted for, so that only a little over four millions are returned. Suits are also brought upon some of these bonds requiring the Treasurer to pay the interest. Those suits are still pending. Under these circumstances who can tell what the debt of the State really is.

Is it a wonder that the credit of the State is gone, that her bonds are hawked about and sold in the State of New York at one-fifth their value. Who is to blame? It is attempted to throw the odium of these appropriations upon a minority of fifteen democrats who were in the Legislature. But it was a party measure upon which the party in power staked their success, and they must abide by the result and not attempt to throw off the responsibility by criminating others. Nor can their leaders now escape retribution by attempting to repudiate all the acts of the party. It sounds too much like the penitent lamentations of a convicted criminal at the bar of justice. This matter might be pursued further, but the history of these appropriations is so remarkable that it forms an era in Legislative history. In the annals of North Carolina we have never before heard of such extravagance, such charges of corruption, such wild waste of public money.

The internal improvements of the State are retarded and put back for years, in all probability, by this reckless conduct on the part of our legislators. What becomes of that great improvement in the West? Where are the seven millions appropriated to build that magnificent work? One President in the North, Baltimore perhaps, the other flitting between Florida and Washington and New York so rapidly that you can scarcely point his place. These men were placed in power by the present administration, and the people of the West must place the responsibility upon the right shoulders.

But there are other things to be considered—the ordinary expenses, as they are called, of this present administration. It is startling. In one year, according to the report of the Auditor, as compiled and published in the Sentinel, the expenses of the State Government amounted to seven hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars. More than twice as much as Gov. Worth's administration, and many, many times more than other administrations that ever were in North Carolina. Under this system not only the State but the county governments have cost twice as much as in former years. The salaries and fees of officers are doubled; the cost of suits before Justices of the Peace are more than trebled, and so with everything.

It is impossible to go into detail in this Address. I ask the people to look into these matters, examine and see, then ask themselves the question if there is not necessity for reform. Nor is this all. The personal liberty of the citizen is threatened. A few months since the Chief Executive officer of this State proclaimed a county in a state of insurrection and asked Congress to suspend the writ of habeas corpus and subject every man to the arbitrary rule of military power. More recently he has avowed a purpose and is in fact carrying it into execution, preceded by a manifesto breathing threats and vengeance, of arming and equipping the militia and raising three regiments for immediate and active service. He has appointed officers and has even gone to a neighboring State and selected a commander of one of these regiments peculiarly obnoxious to many of our people. Why are all these warlike demonstrations? Why this martial array of troops? Why are we to have the music of the fife and the drum? The Governor is Commander-in-Chief of the militia and may call them out to execute the laws, to suppress insurrection and repel invasion. No one of these contingencies has arisen. There has been no insurrection. There has been no resistance to the execution of the laws. Everywhere the people are quiet and peaceable, and pursuing their business with energy and industry. In certain localities crimes have been committed, the persons of individuals have been violated, but there is no reason given why such crimes and such offences cannot be punished in the Courts of justice. The courts are open and undisturbed, and criminals are tried and convicted. No sane man can or ever will justify lawlessness let it assume what shape it may. All the County Conventions which have met in the State have condemned in unmeasured terms unlawful combinations of men by whatever name they may be called; whether they be called Ku-klux, loyal leaguers, or any other name. I endorse these sentiments. There is no necessity for these military preparations, and I am persuaded that there is a deeper meaning than is revealed in these proclamations. Nor does it require prophetic vision to see that the means proposed are calculated to bring about the very result which is *apparently* so much deprecated. Where is the authority to be found justifying appropriations of money to raise and equip these regiments in a time of profound peace and at an immense expense. But the danger is to the liberty of the citizen, and of conflicts likely to be precipitated by the indiscretions and intemperate zeal of men dressed in a little brief authority. Let all the officers of the law do their duty. If one fail let him be punished and I think all will be well.—Evil doers will never be arrested by these military regiments. Recent experience has proven that "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

We are, fellow-citizens, upon evil times, and it becomes you to act with prudence and discretion. Be not deterred from doing your duty. At the proper time march fearlessly and undismayed to the polls and deposit your ballots for the cause of reform. Rescue your State from the hands of the men who have plunged her in debt, who have destroyed her credit and made her name a by word of reproach.

W. M. SHIPP.

Justices of Peace—Their Jurisdiction

For the benefit of the Esquiracby and members of the bar, as well as the public, (says the Raleigh Standard,) we publish the following recent decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina:

State vs. Jerry Johnson.

RODMAN, J.—It is objected to the conviction in this case:

1. That the Act of 1868-'69, conferring summary jurisdiction over certain petty offences on Justices of the Peace, is unconstitutional.

2. That the Justice did not have jurisdiction in this case, because the offence is not alleged to have been committed in his township:

1. The Constitution, Art. IV, Sec. 33, provided "The several Justices of the Peace shall have exclusive original jurisdiction under such regulations as the General Assembly shall provide"—"of all criminal matters arising within their counties, where the punishment *cannot* exceed a fine of fifty dollars, or imprisonment for one month."

The act of 1868-'69, ch. 93, sub. chapter 4, gives to Justices of the Peace power to hear, try and determine, in the manner therein provided, criminal actions for certain petty offences and among them, "assaults and assaults and batteries, where no deadly weapon was used, and no serious damage was done, and where the punishment imposed by law does not exceed fifty dollars fine, or one month's imprisonment."

Section 647 imposes some limitation on the jurisdiction, which it is not necessary here more than to refer to. Prior to the passage of this act, every assault was punished by fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court, and therefore *might* be punished beyond the jurisdiction of a Justice. And it is argued that this act does not expressly limit the punishment of any defined class of offences, but does so, if at all, only by implication, and therefore not sufficiently. It may be that it would have been a more methodical arrangement for the Legislature to have defined certain crimes in one statute devoted to the subject, and to have enacted that the punishment of these coming within such definition should not exceed the limit above mentioned; and then, in another statute devoted to the subject of Criminal Courts, and their jurisdictions, to have enacted that Justices of the Peace should have jurisdiction of the crimes so defined. But when the intention is clear, a statute cannot fail of effect, merely because perhaps, some of its provisions might be put in a more appropriate place. We think the intention sufficiently appears from the statute in question. Sections 4, 6 and 9, separate with sufficient clearness certain assaults from the general class, and give to a Justice jurisdiction over these. The act might have gone on and said expressly that "the punishment of these shall not exceed," &c., but taking the language of the act in connection with the Constitution, it seems to us that a plain and necessary implication limits the punishment as clearly and expressly as words could. It must be noted, that the act in question, although in one sense it is a penal law, as dealing with penalties yet, as it instigates them, it is not a penal law in the sense of requiring to be strictly construed.

What the evil was which was sought to be remedied by the act, is plain. That the times and attention of the courts of record were unduly occupied in the trial of petty offences, was a complaint long before the abolition of slavery, whether or not there was any actual increase of such offences after that event; there was certainly a vast increase of them cognizable by the Courts, previously, the great majority of such offences when committed by slaves, were tried in the domestic forum; afterwards all these were poured into the Courts, and occupied their time and attention to the exclusion of civil action, so completely that it amounted in many cases to a denial of justice. Now, the determination of controversies respecting property and civil rights, is as much due to the people, as the trial of persons charged with crimes; and the Courts must do both, to satisfy the people with them and with the government. Nor was the evil of an exclusive jurisdiction in the Superior Courts less to the offenders than to the people generally. Often persons accused of petty crimes were unable to find bail and were imprisoned before trial much longer than was esteemed an adequate punishment after they were found guilty. The expense of the system was also most burdensome. The slow and costly process of trial by a court and jury is only required in cases of difficulty or importance. Considerations like these have sufficed in every State and country to give a summary jurisdiction of petty offences to local officers. In this case the dangers to be guarded against were two:

First, The Justice might punish with unmerited severity even within the narrow limits of his power; this was provided against by giving to the defendant the power to appeal.

Second, The Justice through ignorance, or by a corrupt collusion with the offender might punish the greatest offences with a mere nominal penalty, to the scandal of justice and the detriment of public morals; this was provided against, as it is in the English law, by requiring that in every case the party injured should make the complaint, when he thinks the offence so slight as to demand no punishment greater than what a Justice can inflict, the State may well agree to consider it so; and if he thinks otherwise, the jurisdiction remains with the Superior Court. The act has not been in force long enough to permit an opinion of its effects from experience, but it seems well adapted to the ends in view, viz:

1st. To relieve the Superior Courts of the pressure of petty business, and give them the time to perform the important duties from which they were more especially created. 2d. To relieve the tax payers from a heavy burden of unnecessary costs; and 3d. To give petty offenders a speedy trial and (if guilty) a speedy but light punishment in the place of a long imprisonment on the mere suspicion of guilt.

2d. The second objection is more difficult and indeed we think it fatal to the plea. The plea does not state that the offence of which the Justice took jurisdiction was committed within his township, and it could not do so, as the case states that the county had not been divided into townships. It is a familiar principle that, when the judgment of an inferior court, not of general jurisdiction is pleaded, everything must be shown necessary to give the court jurisdiction. The act, section 647, expressly confines the final jurisdiction of the Justice to offences committed within his township; it was competent to the Legislature so to confine it, and we cannot extend it. For this reason we think there was error in the judgment below. Let this opinion be certified. Per curiam.

A true copy—Test:

WM. H. BAGLEY, Clerk.

A Hindoo proverb says: "Strike not even with a flower, a wife, though she has a thousand faults."

The Philosophy of Making Hay.

The choicest quality of hay consists of green grass simply dried. The *Carolina Farmer* says—and truthfully—that making hay, chemically speaking, is a distillatory or evaporative process. It is doing with succulent vegetable substances, what the salt-maker does with his saline water, or the sugar maker with his saccharino juice. The object is to drive off surplus water, which holds the valuable principles in solution; to get rid of worthless and interfering substances, retain all the desirable ones. The sugar maker may apply too intense heat, or direct flame to his evaporating pans, and burn or spoil his products; so the farmer may heat his hay too much in the blazing rays of the sun, and greatly injure the rich nutriment principles upon which its value depends. Certain it is, we cannot control all the conditions upon which the production of perfectly cured hay depends; but we can control [illegible] do. A ton of well cured or properly dried hay is worth more in the mow than two tons of that which is cut at an improper time, and cured in an imperfect manner. When grass is dried too much, the woody fibre, or ligneous part, becomes hard and tough; and animals do not like it any better than we like overbaked bread. The nutritive portions are not so readily eliminated, and the waste is much greater in passing through the assimilating organs. It is not necessary to dry hay so thoroughly, in order to preserve it from putrefactive changes in the mow. If the weather is clear and warm, it may safely be stored the same day it is cut, provided it is not cut in the early morning, while loaded with dew. If grass could be mowed after the dew is gone, and spread upon a dry parcel of ground, four or five hours exposure to sun and air will fit it for the barn. All moisture proceeding from dew or rain must be removed, as well as all the moisture in the sap, that will promote heating in the mow or stack, as it always injures hay to heat or to 'sweat,' quite as much as it will injure grain to heat in the bin.

No small amount of mischief has been perpetrated by the annual promulgation of error, in certain agricultural journals, touching the process of curing hay in the mow. The starch, sugar and gum in the newly mowed grass when the hay is about half made, are in a semi-fluid or plastic condition, somewhat like stiff dough. If the moisture in the hay be evaporated by drying wind and sunshine, the hay will be fragrant and almost as valuable as good grass, provided the grass were mowed before the blossoms have fallen. On the contrary, if the moisture must be driven off by the heat generated in the mow, the hay will be injured just in proportion to the quantity of moisture remaining when the hay is stored.—*Raleigh Methodist*

TO THE FARMERS.—Do you wish to prosper? If you do, stick to your farm, make your regular crop; make up by using labor saving impliments, for the loss of manual labor; cultivate fewer acres, but make your land rich, and you will find that as your farm is improving in value, you are enabled to spend more money for fertilizers, to educate your children, to live more comfortably, and to lay up something for a "rainy day." But croaking or grumbling, or groaning over what has been, is not the way to do it. If you want your land improved, you are the one to do it. If you want enterprise and thrift developed in your immediate neighborhood, you are the one to begin it; if you want two blades of grass to grow where only one has grown before, you are the man to show how it is to be done, and not your neighbor. We are very apt to say so and so ought to do this thing and that thing, but perhaps he dont know how to do it, and if you would begin, he would follow your example. Let us not try to shift responsibilities, but rather let us each one, assume our own, and do what we are able to advance our own good and that of our fellow men.—*Roanoke Valley.*

THE MUSQUITO SEASON.—As the musquito season is at hand, we publish for those who may try the experiment, a cheap substitute for musquito bars in vogue in many localities in the South. It is common coal oil. A small quantity of the oil is dropped on a piece of cotton, and then squeezed out as dry as possible; after which the cotton is rubbed over the face and hands. No musquito will alight where the scent has been left. Those who have tried it say that it is a success.

HOME-MADE INK.—The ink is a beautiful black, flows freely, and does not in the least corrode the pen. It is far superior to the usual acid inks, which will spoil the best steel pen in a few hours use. In fact, we have no ink that we like so well as this. It is made thus: To five gallons of water at boiling heat, add one-half pound logwood, one-half ounce bi-chromate of potash, and one-half ounce prussiate of potash. Your ink is then made and ready for use. The cost is six cents per gallon.—*Oakland News.*

The following mixture is recommended as sure death to house flies:

Half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of cream, and a tea spoonful of sugar; mix them well together, and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. It wont cost much to try it.

Oakes Ames, member of Congress from the 2d District of Massachusetts, and a prominent radical, has bought a plantation opposite New Orleans, to which he has just sent 140 Chinamen. What do the colored men think of that? The Chinaman work the cheapest.

SPEECH OF

HON. JAMES M. LEACH,

Delivered in the Court House at Winston

On Thursday, July 7th, 1870.

FELLOW CITIZENS, I am happy to meet here to-day so many of the good people of Forsyth. I have a good deal to say to them, as there are many questions which I wish to discuss fairly and frankly. Before discussing these questions, however, it will be necessary for me to get the rubbish out of the way. The first question that comes up is why is it that I am here alone to-day? Where is Gen. Scott? What has become of *him?* We are not very far apart. He was here in this Court-House yesterday, speaking as I am doing to-day. Why is he not here upon this stand with me, as it used to be in old times in a Congressional canvass, between competitors? I want the colored men to listen to me now, and I am only sorry there are not a greater number of them here, for they might learn something that would do them a powerful sight of good. Gen. Scott is not afraid of me physically. Not at all, still he has no desire to meet me in discussion. I am not certain, yet I confidently believe that his whole course in this matter was marked out and planned in the Republican Convention at Greensboro. I proposed to him on several occasions that we should canvass together—twice very distinctly. I especially proposed it to him on the evening of his nomination. I then wrote to him once, and hardly had my letter been sent off, before I happened to open a copy of the *Standard*, and to my utter surprise found his appointments published—appointments for mass meetings, to be addressed by Scott, Phillips, Welker, Badger, Smith and others, and not one word said about meeting me or giving me any showing whatever. Is there a decent white man or colored man who will not visit conduct like this with their contempt and indignation? But I have something more than mere assertion to offer—I have proof. I have here the letter of Gen. Scott himself, in which he tries to excuse himself for not meeting me in public discussion. Look at it, Col. Alspaugh. You know Gen. Scott's handwriting and signature. Look at it, Sheriff Masten, you are well acquainted with it also. Is it not so, gentlemen? Well, what does he say? Listen, just listen how nicely he crawls out of a discussion that bodes him no good, and which he knows bodes him no good:

"Mr. Phillips wants me to get up a few Mass Meetings in my District; but they will all be over by the 10th of July."

That's his excuse. Mr. Phillips wants it! Wonder if Gen. Scott did not want it as badly as Mr. Phillips? And he talks of "my district." *My* district! Fellow citizens, do you think it will be *his* district after the 4th of August? He says these mass meetings will be over by the 10th of July, yet the *Standard* says that "other appointments will be announced in due season." Does not this look as if he intended to evade me altogether? It certainly does. I should be sincerely pleased to meet Gen. Scott, so that we can discuss matters together before the people, and I trust that he will yet change his purpose, and give me the opportunity I so cordially desire. If he does not, I shall follow him up. Wherever he treads, I shall tread after him. He spoke, with his backers, below here at Lexington—and, by the way, in order to get up a crowd, Bill Smith, the President of the North Carolina Railroad, sent 140 or 150 colored men over the road *free*, to attend the meeting. This was at the expense of the State—at your expense, fellow citizens. These radicals are prostituting the N. C. Railroad, and everything else they manage, to their own party purposes. Well, as I said, he spoke down here at Lexington, my own home, and had to import an audience. I spoke next day, imported no audience and yet had a better one. I have followed him up since—am still following him up—and wherever he sets fire to the grass, I shall be on hand to stamp it out. Scott is personally a friend of mine, and I have for him the most kindly feelings. He is a good lawyer, but a mortal poor politician.

So much for that; but I have still a little more rubbish to get out of the way. I will come now to the crowd that Gen. Scott is carrying around with him, and a precious crowd it is. In speaking of these men, I intend to do so without using billingsgate, or departing from that path which is considered strictly legitimate, notwithstanding you have here in Forsyth a *distinguished* (!) radical who said that Leach could throw as much manure as Bill Smith, or anybody else. That is something I never did in all my public career of eighteen years. I leave that to men of blunted moral perceptions, and questionable reputation.

Now here is Bill Smith—Major William A Smith—President of the North Carolina Railroad, by the grace of his matchless impudence and will of W. W. Holden. This man Smith has done me the honor to abuse me in his speeches without stint, and speaks of me as a demagogue! "A demagogue, forsooth! Who is the demagogue? The man who is of the people and for the people, who has in every public position in which he has ever been placed redeemed the pledges which he made, who has adhered to his principles respecting a fair system of internal improvements, economy in the administration of the government and fidelity to public trust; or the man who pretends devotion to the people in order to advance his own interests, and flings principle to the winds in his selfish pursuit of place and public plunder. Who is this Bill Smith, who is the devoted friend of the colored man, and who is up to his eyes in latter-day "loyalty?" Before the war he was a keeper of bloodhounds! He kept them to hunt down runaway negroes, and he has stood by with gloating eyes when his bloodhounds sank their fangs in the quivering flesh of his victims, and listened pitilessly to the moans and groans which struggled up from their anguished bosoms. There! colored men! that is your dear friend, who is now giving you free rides on the railroad to radical meetings, who is shaking hands with you, and petting you up until election day, so that he may coax you out of your votes and get you to cast them for the radical party of which he is such a worthy representative. And what was Bill Smith doing during the war? Listen, soldiers; listen, Union men. He was keeping those same bloodhounds to hunt down deserters and conscripts, and force them, either into the hands of Judge Rodman, the Judge Advocate of the Military Court, to be tried for their lives, or into the ranks of the army, there to be shot down and killed or maimed by Federal bullets. There's a beautiful Union man for you—plastered all over with loyalty, and a man after the Governor's own heart.

Next comes Richard Rotating—no, R. C. Badger, Esq., who spread himself in this Court House, on yesterday. You don't know him, do you? Well, I do. Before the war he denounced me for being a Union man. He was bloody enough then. After the war he read a book by "Ariel," imbibed its doctrines, and went around ranting and declaring that the negro had no soul—that he was nothing more than a mule or a hog. Think of that, colored men. Badger, who now pretends to be such a warm friend of yours, was, not many months ago, busily engaged in disseminating the outrageous doctrine that you were a soulless race, no better than the beasts of the field. Now, I had some fourteen colored men, and I never thought that of them. I never hunted them down like wild animals, as did Major Bill Smith. I never said they *were* animals, like Dick Badger. And yet, forsooth, these men now claim to be the especial champions of the colored people, and by virtue of that claim ask their continued suffrages for the precious party—the precious radical party, of which they are such shining lights.

More rubbish yet to get out of the way. Only got rid of the worst of it thus far. Hon. S. F. Phillips is also being trotted around to guard Scott, and keep me from pouncing upon him with my sledge-hammer arguments, and broad daylight truths. Samuel F. Phillips, the pure, the immaculate, the unchangeable and immutable Phillips. God bless his honest soul! He was an old line Whig. That is so, fellow citizens; and how do you think he showed his Whig principles? He voted for James Buchanan in 1856.—Oh! the unchangeable man! Where was he just before the war? While I was in the United States Congress straining every nerve to prevent the bloody catastrophe of civil war; while I was appealing to the North on the one hand, and to the South on the other for compromise, conciliation, peace and a continuance of the old fraternal feeling between the sections, Samuel F. Phillips was here in North Carolina going his full length for a Convention to break up the Union! Oh! the pure, immaculate, unchangeable man! Oh! shame where is thy blush? If Mr. Phillips was here now I think he'd blush, unless like my old friend Sheriff Masten yonder, he has no longer any blush in him.

So much for Mr. Phillips, and his efforts to bring on secession. But what did he do after the war? Where did he stand then? He was sent to the Legislature by the good people of Orange, and I happen to have here a little speech made by him in the House of Commons, in 1866, upon the question of admitting negro evidence in Courts of Justice. I am going to read a few choice extracts from this remarkable production. I want the colored men to listen attentively, and carry the news to those of their race who have been coaxed out of coming here to-day. It is after the war, mind you, this speech was made. After the colored man had been declared as free as anybody in this room. It was made at the same time that Dick Badger was declaring the negro nothing better than a beast; at the same time that Gov. Holden was declaring his "unqualified opposition to negro suffrage," and General Scott, and Bill Smith, and all the rest of the radical rank and file were accepting that dogma and declaring it one of the fundamental principles of their political faith. Now to the extracts:

"The negro in not to be imposed upon our courts as one worthy to be believed."

What, Mr. Phillips, not "worthy to be believed!" How do you like that my colored friends? But we will go on further:

"I enter fully into the counsels of those who define this to be a government of White men. For one I propose that none but White men shall participate in the duty and distinction of controlling this government. I maintain that the right of suffrage shall be theirs exclusively—as also the duty of exercising public employment and the duty of distributing justice. Every public place—from the jury box to the chair of the President, must be a place for the White man alone. It is obvious that so long as this continues to be so, the government will be the White man's government. It will be so none the less because within his dominion he permits Black men to live and labor, or because he may guarantee to him the protection of that life and the fruit of that labor."

Ah! the pure, immaculate, unchangeable gentleman, is he there? This is to be a "White man's government." None but white men shall control it. None but white men shall hold office, or sit in the jury box. None but white men shall vote. Do you see it, colored men? That was what Mr. Phillips said after the war was all over, and you were all free. And Gen. Scott endorsed it all, for does he not swear by Mr. Phillips? The pure, immaculate Mr. Phillips, to whom, I dare say, Gen. Scott sends up his morning orisons and evening prayers. A gentleman so holy in his political record that I shall look for him to be canonized some day, and then we will have Saint Phillips! How nice that will sound—Saint Phillips! But to the record:

"Through all ages of her liberty and good government, Rome made no more difficulty in admitting her freedmen to a participation in all private rights than she did in excluding them from those which were political. Conscious of her deep interest in the promotions of a secure and hopeful industry among all classes of her inhabitants—solicitous for her reputation as a dispenser of justice among those classes, Rome communicated full rights of property and perfect rights of appeal to court to all her freedmen. No less perfect, however, was their exclusion from the sacred political rights of Suffrage, Office and intermarriage. Only after her liberty and integrity had departed, were the liberated slaves admitted to a free enjoyment of political privileges."

There it is again. Mr. Phillips cites heathen Rome to show what Christian North Carolina ought to do. Keep the colored man from voting, from holding office, and from intermarriage. That was his doctrine. But further:

"I share the common opinion as to the untruthfulness of the negro. * * * * Falsehood and theft have marked the slave in all ages and conditions; they have marked slaves of every race and color."

Mr. Phillips says to you, colored men, that you are thieves and liars. He says such are the characteristics of your race. I stand here to-day and deny it. I have owned negroes,—owned them for years, and ever found them truthful and honest to me. If they ever lied to me, or stole from me, I never found it out. But enough of these extracts; the speech is full of them. And now who do you think endorsed this speech? Ah! you would hardly guess. Listen:

"Hon. S. F. Phillips, Dear Sir:—The undersigned having listened with much pleasure to your speech, etc., and being satisfied that it will meet the views of a vast majority of the people of North Carolina, etc., respectfully ask of you to furnish a copy of the same for publication."

Who do you think signed that? First, Lewis Thompson; then half a dozen others, and then W. H. Wheeler! Yes, colored men, that speech was endorsed by W. H. Wheeler of Forsyth, a gentleman whom you, perhaps, very well know.

Such is the record of those gentlemen who now profess to be the especial friends of the colored man; who solicit his votes, but, strangely enough, always forget to give him any of the offices. How is that, 'Thias Masten? Is it possible there are no colored men up for office on your ticket, this summer? Now I just want to tell the colored men a little thing, which I hope the Sheriff will repeat when he goes around the county telling his grand yarns about what his party are going to do for the negro. Have you ever noticed how a man, when he wants a "refrigerating" beverage, takes a tumbler, pours it half full of whisky, puts in a little water, then a little sugar, then takes a lemon and squeezes—squeezes—squeezes it until the juice is all out, and then—what? Why he throws the lemon away. Just so. That is the way the radicals intend to do with the colored man. They will squeeze, and squeeze him, until they get all they can out of him, and then throw him to the devil. If the colored man sticks to them, he will be sold out. There is rascality and dog somewhere—plenty of it. I reckon when the Sheriff tells the colored men all these things and especially about Mr. Phillips' great speech, and how Bill Smith hunted them with bloodhounds, and how Dick Badger put them down to the level of a dog or a hog, that Mutual Admiration Society now existing between himself and Dr. Wheeler will be broken up. Don't you think so, Sheriff?

Now about that Military business of the Governor's. It is one of the most scandalous attempts on record ever made to intimidate a free people, and carry an election in spite of the popular will. There is not the shadow of an excuse for a levy of troops in our midst. The hackneyed cry about Kuklux is false, and those who utter it know they are uttering a falsehood. Outrages are no more common in our State of North Carolina than in other States. I can speak confidently of my own county, Davidson, and can say that only one outrage has happened there of late years. In that case a Union league white man and a colored man killed a colored man. The murderers were caught, tried, and convicted. One of them has already been hung, and the other will be.—Is there anything wrong about that? Both white men and colored men will applaud the strict execution of the law in this, and in every other respect. This military movement of the Governor will involve him in trouble. The plea that the laws cannot be carried out is untrue. The laws can be carried out by the proper officers in any portion of the State. I ask you, Sheriff, if you have ever found any difficulty in executing the laws in Forsyth?

Sheriff—No, sir, not in this county. I can arrest you, right there, if it was required.

Leach—Certainly you can. The object of the Governor is to excite disorder in the State under the plea of repressing outrages. He thinks that if he can get up a difficulty between his soldiers and the citizens, the blame can readily be attached to the latter, and he will thus be strengthened in his insidious designs. The blessed Book has in it a story which conveys a pregnant moral to certain individuals. It is the story of Haman and Mordecai. Haman had built a gallows upon which he was determined to hang Mordecai. Mordecai was not hung upon it, but somebody else was. Do you recollect that story? I tell you, fellow citizens, whenever it becomes evident that our liberties are to be crushed out, and scaffolds are to be erected for freemen, it will be a dark day for those who erect those scaffolds. I, for one, will never submit to be trampled into serfdom, and I know that the sentiment I thus express is the sentiment that is swelling in the great heart of North Carolina. I would like to know how Sheriff Masten stands on the Military Bill?

Gen. Scott is telling the people everywhere he goes that the heavy taxes under which we are laboring are the result of the war—that they sprang from it. I most positively deny it. There is scarcely a man here who does not know that our entire war debt was repudiated—all wiped out; and after that we had no debt except the ante-war debt of $15,000,000. Everybody was poor, and if the late legislature had acted economically, the taxes would have been commensurate with our ability to pay. Where is Vest of Forsyth? Where is Kinney of my county? These are the gentlemen who are in part, responsible for your heavy taxes. They are both good radicals, and were sent to the Legislature under pledges of economy. But like the rest of their brethren, they forgot all about economy just as soon as they got there. The Treasury was soon swept clean. The money all found a lasting abiding place in radical breeches pockets, and I can fancy the departing words of the last shilling as it disappeared from sight. They were the pious words of the old hymn "Farewell, vain world, I'm going home." Oh! that last radical legislature! Happy, indeed, will be this State if it should turn out to be the *last* one of that stripe forever. That last radical legislature went it with a recklessness that is seldom seen outside of an insane asylum. It bowed itself down to the feet of Holden, Littlefield, Swepson and others, and despite all that the little knot of Conservative members could say or do, piled upon us a mountain of fraudulent debt, and laid the foundation for a series of taxes which no one can see the end of. And this man, Littlefield, too, who made his brags in New York, that he came to North Carolina with $70 in his pocket, and now had $750,000, all made out of those d—d fools down there. That is the way he talked about you, fellow-citizens; first robbed you of your money, and then called you d—d fools for allowing yourself to be robbed. The prodigality of the late legislature is without a precedent in the history of our State. I was for ten years in the House, and four years in the Senate—fourteen years in all; and during that whole time I never voted for bills appropriating one half the money appropriated and squandered by the late legislature during the brief period of its existence. I was in the legislature in 1866-7, which during the ten months and four days which it sat, spent $107,000. The late radical legislature cost the people $468,000, just for its own expenses. That is a pretty showing to make to tax-payers.

But the radicals say they acknowledge all this; the facts are patent, and we won't deny them. We had bad men in the Legislature, and now we want to cast them aside and send better ones there. That is what they say. It puts me in mind of the old fable about the fox and the horse-flies. A swarm of the latter had settled over the fox one warm day, and had sucked away at him until the poor, old fellow was well-nigh exhausted. A sympathising friend came along and said to the sufferer, "Let me sweep my tail over you, and drive the bloodsuckers away." "Oh, no," said the victim, "don't do that. This swarm have sucked till their bellies are full. If you drive them off, a fresh swarm of the same sort will come, hungry and thirsty, and then what a fix I'd be in." Yes, the radicals now say, we will drive away those who have plundered us, and put others in their places. We will brush away the old swarm; they have had enough. But we have here a fresh swarm to replace them. Fellow citizens, if you send that fresh swarm to Raleigh, you will be bled of the last drop of blood. Once elected, they will not care what they do, for they know full well it will be their last chance at the public treasury or the people's pockets. It will be the story of the two Tennessee soldiers over again. One was a tall six footer, the other a little chap not much over four feet high. The big one was thirsty, and the little one had a bottle of whiskey. The former asked the latter for a drink, and the bottle was handed to him. He lifted it to his mouth, and as the little fellow looked up with indignation and amazement, he swallowed every drop it contained, and then handed the empty bottle back with the consoling remark, "Wan't I dry?" That is just what these gentlemen will say to you when they come home, if you should elect them to the Legislature—"Wan't I dry?"

Let us get back to a comparison of the public expenditures. There is the public printing for instance. During the patriotic administration of Governor Worth, it cost about $8,000, in round numbers. Under the present administration it amounts to about $28,000. A difference of $20,000! Think of that, fellow citizens. The radicals talk about electing new men and economizing! Then there is the cost of binding the laws. Under Governor Worth and a Conservative Legislature, it amounted to $287. Under Governor Holden and his obsequious Legislature, it amounted to about $6,000. I think there is quite a difference there, don't you? When I was in the Legislature, we considered 14 pages sufficient to attend to all the wants of both Houses. Our late Legislature required a little more wating upon. Its members were a little more aristocratic. They had to have 35 pages, who at $6 per day each, cost you honest, hard-working farmers a nice little sum. It is, however, unnecessary to go over the whole list of reckless expenditures authorized by the late Legislature. Their name is "legion," and were I to keep on enumerating them till this time to-morrow, and explaining as I go along, I would not be half done with them.

But say our radical friends—Gen. Scott says it—Mr. Phillips avers it—that fraud, corruption and extravagance was not confined to members of their party; they charge that the Conservatives were equally responsible! Was ever such a preposterous assertion made under heaven? There were only about thirty conservatives in the Legislature, all told. Both Houses overwhelmingly radical. The radicals could propose any measure they pleased in private caucus, and carry it through the Legislature. Whenever they failed to carry through any measure, it was because they were scared off by the threats of exposure made by the Conservative minority. If it had not been for a few Conservative members in the late legislature, who labored as no men ever labored before to prevent the State from being irretrievably ruined, our State debt would now amount to over fifty millions, and our State expenses to more than two millions a year. The Conservative minority party responsible for our present condition! Why you all know that the party in power is always held responsible for the legislation which is done. In old times if a Whig majority held the General Assembly, the Whig party was held responsible for its acts; if the Democratic party held the majority, it was responsible. So in England, it is the same way. Gladstone, as premier, is held responsible for the acts of his party, and if these acts fail to meet the approbation of the majority, Mr. Gladstone must resign. He must give place to some one who possesses the confidence of the majority. The radical party is wholly and solely responsible for all the corruption and prodigality of the late Legislature, and they know it.

Now we come to the School Fund. Do you know that it has "gone glimmering like a dream"? There was a sufficient fund in the treasury to pay off teachers throughout the entire State for last winter's teaching, but to this day many of these teachers have not been paid. Where has that money gone? I have a certificate showing that $168,000 of it was borrowed by the late legislature to pay their *per diem*. Yes fellow citizens, that beloved $7 a day had to come some how. All other resources had failed. All other monies had been squandered. So unholy hands were laid upon a fund that ought to have been considered sacred to the educational interests of our youth. The Raleigh *Standard* lies when it says this fund, thus borrowed, has been repaid. Perhaps some $60,000 have been replaced, owing to the subsequent sale of the swamp lands, but not a dollar more; and it is probably out of the $50,000 that some few of the teachers who have been paid received their money. And there is another fraudulent transaction. The swamp lands were stolen by the radical party just as they have stolen everything else. They were sold at an enormous sacrifice to speculators, in violation of the terms of the law.

There is another thing to which I wish to call your attention. You will recollect that the Legislature became frightened at its own recklessness, and hurriedly repealed some of the great railroad appropriations. The Courts pronounced against the constitutionality of others. But you must recollect that a portion of the tax levied on the people to pay the interest on these bonds had already been collected. Now, members of the Legislature take an oath to obey the State Constitution, and that Constitution is mandatory in its provisions. According to that Constitution when taxes are levied for a certain purpose, the money thus obtained cannot be applied to another purpose. What, then, became of the $484,000 levied on the tax payers to pay the interest on these repudiated and unconstitutionally issued bonds? It has been applied to other purposes—*per diem* and Heaven knows what else; we only know that it is gone and these easy-going Legislators think to soothe their consciences and satisfy tax payers, by talking about giving the different counties credit for the taxes thus unconstitutionally expended. The amount of tax levied on the present basis is $460,000. It was settled at that because of the elections this summer. How are they going to pay back them what they said they would? The scare the rascals took at their own recklessness demoralized them, but it did not close the eyes of David Jenkins, the State Treasurer to the actual state of affairs. He wanted the Legislature to levy three distinct taxes to be collected this year, to go away back beyond next year to supply deficits? And do you know that next time the tax to be collected will amount to $1,200,000 to fill up present deficits?

Just at this moment let me speak of the Homestead. It is charged by my competitor that as soon as the Conservatives get into power in the Legislature, they will call a Convention to alter the Constitution, and then good-bye to the Homestead provision. Was there ever a more shallow charge? The Legislature has no power itself over the Homestead; all it *can* do is call a Convention, and the people can then say, in the first place, whether or not they will have one, and in the second place, they can vote for whoever they please to represent them in that Convention. If I know the people right they will be very particular who they elect. The Homestead is favored by all parties alike, and it is not a Republican measure. In the North and West many of the States do not have it in the organic law, but it is established by legislative enactment. Now, who do you think was its prime mover in this State? No less a person than James M. Leach, who now stands before you. During my last term in the Legislature, I drew the Homestead bill, which the Convention of 1868 incorporated into the Constitution almost word for word as I wrote it! When you hear the radicals talk about the Conservatives being opposed to the Homestead, tell them that it is false, and that your candidate for Congress in this District was its author in North Carolina!

Let us get back to the taxes again. There are nearly $2,000,000 behind hand, which must be done something with. The rate this year have levied 37½ cents on $100 valuation of land, and 1.10 on the poll. Had they not been afraid of the effect it would have had upon the election, they would, perhaps, have brought up arrears. The tax would then have been $4.40 on the poll, and $1.50 on the 100 valuation of land. People may stare, but this would have been the tax, had it been levied to meet the obligations now resting upon the State. Elect the radical legislature, and let this thing go on, and next year this tax will be double. Mind you, there is no Homestead exemption from taxes. The Sheriff can levy on the last bed, on the last skillet, the last thing in the world you possess to pay those taxes. The colored man even, is beginning to find this out. It has been done in Randolph and Stokes, and in many other counties. It will fall upon you more hardly after a little while, if this radical party retains power. They have only imposed a poll-tax of $1.10 this year, but they say these people owe us $4.40 on the poll, and we will collect it after a while. Where's your forty acres of land and your mule, my colored friends? Has 'Thias Masten given you any satisfaction on that point yet?

Gen. Scott—bye the bye, do you know how he came by that military title? I will tell you. You know he was in the old 21st Regiment with me, as captain of the Dixie boys. My relations with the commanding officer of that regiment were not the most pleasant, consequently I resigned. I did so with the full approval of Capt. Scott. I came home and left him as I supposed, to go where glory waited him. What was my surprise, upon reaching home, to find Scott coming after me in a turkey trot! He had got enough of real war, and had also resigned. What did he do then? Why, he went to Raleigh and induced that terribly secesh governor Vance, to make him a Brigadier General. That kept him from being conscripted. He was made Brigadier General of the forces whose chief duty was to hunt up deserters. Gov. Vance threw around him the shield of protection, just as he did with Bill Holden on one certain occasion, and now both Holden and Scott—for does not one endorse the other?—exhibit their gratitude to Vance by maligning him as a rebel, and exerting all their energies to keep him under the "ban."

Gen. Scott talks about the radical platform, and the difference between it and that of the Conservatives. There is hardly a single plank in the radical platform that has not been stolen from the Conservatives, and twisted into such a shape as to mean nothing, or mean much, just as circumstances shall dictate. We have gone into this fight to break down corruption and extravagance, but Scott says there are no principles involved in corruption and extravagance. I think there are; I think there are very *bad* principles involved, and we must do away with them. Now, I have a platform for this campaign, and it is this: First, Capacity in office, integrity and economy; or, in other words, Brain—the late legislature lacked that most lamentably—honesty and low taxes. Secondly, Peace, harmony and good feeling among our citizens. No miserable military to keep the community in a state of continual excitement; no suspension of the *habeas corpus*, that great charter of our political rights and civil liberties; no trials of our people by military commissions, and drum-head courts-martial; no expenditure of $200,000 per month for men to overawe our citizens, and drive them from the ballot box. No more rascality and usurpation; but old North Carolina—the good old state—back again in all her beauty and glory, her scars erased, and her bright eyes beaming with the happy light that shone from them in the days gone by. I love North Carolina. To her I am indebted for all that I am, and for all that I have ever had. Her honor is dear to me, as well as the honor of her true sons. But how that honor has been tampered with by the birds of prey who have built their nests in the high places of the State. Trampled under foot, and scorned by the men who were pledged to sustain it, and who now mock at the calamity their recklessness and unfaithfulness has wrought. How much money, do you suppose, was lost when Daniel W. Courts was our State Treasurer? He was an honest man, and though he was a Democrat in those days and I a Whig, yet I voted for him, because I know him to be honest, and knew the State finances could not be in better hands. When he was our Treasurer our State bonds sold at a premium; the credit of North Carolina was untarnished, and purchasers readily gave 103½ for them. Since then, they have been "bulled" and "beared" by speculating scoundrels, until they have actually reached as low as 17½. They have been hawked about Wall St., like peanuts, charcoal or oranges, and the credit of the State, once without a single stain, has been dragged in the mud, until there is nothing left of it but stains. God help us! to what have we come? North Carolina, once celebrated for the honor and integrity of her sons, and for the virtue and beauty of her daughters, has become, in the hands of the radical leaders, a thing for men to point at in derision, and an object for the contempt even of those who are beneath contempt themselves.

When I was in Washington city not long since, I saw and conversed with quite a number of members of Congress—gentlemen who had been members when I was of that body. Among them were Schenck, Bingham, Farnsworth and others, and I said to them: "Why don't you give the old State a showing? Why are you continually legislating against us, and knocking us down every time we make an effort to get upon our feet?" What was the reply? It was this in effect: "Well, sir, we are down upon North Carolina.—We are not the special guardians of her interests. We have those of our own States to look after. You have your representatives in Congress, and yet not a single man raises his voice in behalf of the State." This was before Frank Shober obtained his seat, mind you. Ah! my countrymen, not even your own representative lifted his voice to repel the slanders heaped upon North Carolina—your own immediate representative, a man whom Gen. Scott hustled off the track so unceremoniously. That was pretty severe on Mr. Nash—as severe as it was ungenerous. Mr. Nash is not a talking man, and possibly that is why he never rose in his seat to hurl defiance into the teeth of our calumniators. He is quiet by nature, and if he never did you much good by his oratory, he, at least, never did you much harm by his silence. Mr. Holden has no especial affection for Mr. Nash, and the attempt was made two years ago to lay him on the shelf. That attempt failed. The plot was better managed this time. It was all arranged in Raleigh with Mr. Holden as chief plotter. And now you gentlemen who have favored Mr. Nash, ought to rebuke the interference of the Executive in this matter. Cast your votes for James M. Leach, as you have cast them before now, and you will not regret your action.

Gen. Scott, in his speech yesterday took occasion to revert to the tobacco tax, and was overjoyed because Congress had magnanimously reduced it from 40 cents to 32 cents. Took off just 8 cents. Gen. Scott is thankful for crumbs, and he thinks everybody else ought to measure their gratitude by his standard. I am for removing the tax from tobacco altogether. It is one of our staples, and it ought to be free. Tobacco and cotton are the products that fix the prices of other things in this country.

I think also that Congress ought to curtail the enormous circulation in the North and force greenbacks South. It is owing to the scarcity of greenbacks here that we have to pay such a high interest for money. We have to pay 24 per cent—a friend just tells me, we have to pay 33 per cent for any accommodation we may desire. When money is worth over 6 or 8 per cent there is something rotten in Denmark. Let Congress give us the same chances that are given to the Northern States, and we will have easier times.

Gen. Scott speaks in terms of hearty recommendation regarding the financial policy of the administration, and claims that it is bringing greenbacks up to par; it is a claim not founded upon fact. If the administration had had no help from Southern products, there would have been at this day a wider difference between greenbacks and gold than exists. It was the cotton crop of the South valued at

$270,000,000, and the tobacco crop, valued at $27,000,000 that brought gold down, and greenbacks up.

Fellow citizens, I have now talked to you until it has grown late, and have touched lightly upon numerous topics; many have not been touched upon at all. To go over the immense ground occupied by the ugly facts of the present day, it would take a long time, a very long time. But I trust I have given you some inkling of the truth, and that the seed I have sown here to-day will spring up and bear good fruit. I wish that I could have an opportunity to speak in the presence of every voter of the county, as, in that case, I know that I could sweep radicalism from its borders so far and give it such a mortal wound that it would never raise its hideous head in Forsyth again. I hope that on the 4th day of August next, you will walk up to the polls like free and fearless men, and honor me with your votes. Your confidence shall not be thrown away; and now fellow citizens, I will retire, invoking Heaven's choicest favors upon you and yours. In the words of an immortal author, "God bless us, every one!"

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1870.

GEO. WALTER SITES, - - EDITOR.

Any person procuring five new yearly subscribers, will be entitled to a sixth copy.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,

HON. WILLIAM M. SHIPP,

OF MECKLENBURG.

FOR CONGRESS,

HON. JAMES M. LEACH,

OF DAVIDSON.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

☞ Hon. J. M. LEACH, will address his fellow-citizens on the issues of the day, at the following times and places:

Ruffin Station,“ Saturday, July 16.
Yanceyville, Caswell, Monday July 18.
Leesburg, Tuesday, July 19.
Roxboro, Wednesday, July 20
Fox's Store, Randolph, Friday July 22.
Friendship, Guilford, Saturday July 23.
Kernersville, Forsyth, Monday. July 25.

Gen. Leach still hopes (Thursday the 7th,) that Gen. Scott may be induced to meet him at some of the above appointments. Would be glad to meet him at all.

The people, without distinction of party, race, or color, are invited to attend.

Hon. James M. Leach.

In accordance with the invitation extended some days beforehand, quite a large number of the voters of Forsyth, representing the worth, intelligence and manhood of the county, assembled in the Court-House at Winston on the afternoon of the 7th inst., to hear the people's favorite of this section, Hon. James M. Leach, discuss the leading political questions now agitating the minds of men in this State, and give his reasons why his inexperienced competitor, Gen. Scott, should be permitmitted to remain at home and attend to his professional interests during the term of the 42nd Congress. We reached the Court-House at an early hour, and found an impatient throng awaiting the appearance of the gentleman who has so often been honored with the suffrages of the community, and who has never proven recreant to the trust confided in him. A large proportion of the assemblage was of Conservative tendencies, together with many who had not up to that time decided how to vote in the coming election. Still, there was a liberal attendance of our radical fellow-citizens, who, we have no doubt, came to have the fog dispelled which had been thrown over their minds by the speeches of the preceding day. It was especially noticable that but few colored men were present. Extraordinary exertions had, no doubt been made by the radical leaders to keep our colored citizens away from where they could hear the burning words of earnestness and truth. The few, however, who were present, were men of intelligence and mark in our midst, and they will not fail to exert a healthful influence over those of their race who have been for so long a time misled by selfish politicians and office-holders.

The appearance of Gen. Leach was the signal for a general scramble for seats, and having obtained one for ourself, we prepared to take such notes as would enable us to give our readers a tolerable idea of the honorable gentleman's remarks. The result will be found on our second page. Of course our report is nothing like as complete as we might have made it, owing to our lack of space. It may, too, contain a few inaccuracies, owing to the fact that as the speaker had considerable ground to go over, he spoke rather more rapidly than we could accompany him with our pencil. Still, we believe we have given the spirit of the address, and in many instances have adhered to its exact language.

The able and manly address of Judge Shipp, our candidate for Attorney General, to the people of this State, will be found on our first page. Its calmness, candor and good sense have provoked the petulant criticism of our opponents, who cannot fail to discern in it a terrible blow to their pretensions. We ask our friends to read the address carefully, and then read it to their neighbors. Spread the truth everywhere. In the presence of the truth error must go down.

Immediately upon the heels of Gen. Scott's grateful tribute to the radical Congress for reducing the tax on tobacco from 40 to 32 cents—the enormous reduction of eight cents per pound—comes the significant announcement that Senator Johnson, of Virginia, has utterly failed in his movement for a still further reduction, and that the Revenue Bureau is successfully urging an additional tax to be laid on leaf tobacco sold at retail, or put up in the simple twist without the aid of pressure, liquorice, or honey water. That is the way things are going on. Everything Northern protected, everything Southern made to pay enormous duties. Yet, Gen. Scott is thankful, and thinks we all ought to sing hosannas to the radical Congress for its magnanimous recognition of Southern interests in reducing the tax on tobacco from 40 to 32 cents. We must all be grateful! Grateful for what? We ask for bread, and we are kindly furnished with a dish of brickbats. Gen. Scott's digestive apparatus may be of the ostrich type, and perhaps he considers stony fare dainty living, but we must confess that our tastes are different.

☞ One of our Republican friends in South-Fork township informs us that Sheriff Masten instructed Jonas Spach, the constable of that township, "not to collect the railroad tax for a while yet." It is understood that it is not to be collected until *after the election*. The "tycoon" is, as the good book says, "wise in his generation." He don't want to stir up the bile of our honest farmers until the election is over, for it might cost the radical party a few votes. After the election, he will not care a continental cent, but will come down on the people for all the back taxes. And they will have to be paid. No "Homestead" exemption for *them*. As Gen. Leach truly declared, the radical party now in power in this State wants money; they have cleaned out the Treasury, squandered every dollar upon which they could lay their hands, and now the tax-payers will be compelled to face the coming music. Lands, stock, crops, household furniture and even wearing apparel can be seized upon to pay these radical taxes, and there will be no such thing as getting out of it; unless, indeed, we can manage to elect a Conservative legislature, which will examine with a critical eye into the proceedings and appropriations of its predecessor, and wipe out every dollar of our State indebtedness that has been incurred by error or fraud. *That* will bring the taxes down, and the people must look to it that they send men, pledged to such action, to Raleigh.

We understand that the Sheriff is telling all around the county that he once received political advice from Gen. Leach in these words: "Truth is a great thing, Masten—it is a powerful thing; always stick by the truth. But, if you ever get cornered, and can't get out of the scrape any other way, then lie like the devil." We don't know whether Gen. Leach ever really gave such advice to the Sheriff or not, but if he did, we have come to the conclusion, from the way the Sheriff is conducting himself, that *he is all the time "cornered."*

☞ Before our people vote in the approaching election, let them carefully consider their action. Let them remember that the late radical legislature was not satisfied with squandering the whole of the revenue, that they did not stop when they had swallowed up every cent of the taxes which had been collected; but they went into debt—borrowed money to pay their own *per diem!* They borrowed the school-fund—$158,000 of it; and they made use of the railroad taxes which had been wrongfully levied and collected from the tax payers of the State. All this borrowed money will have to be paid back in some way, and the people will be taxed for every cent of it.

☞ We ask our people to forget party for a little while, and do a little serious thinking. Where will we all be in a few years from now if the system of reckless extravagance inaugurated by the radicals in this State is permitted to pass unchecked? Think of the taxes.

Our neighbor of the *Advocate* reverts to the career of Hon. James M. Leach in the last Confederate Congress, whither he had been sent as an advocate of peace and reconciliation, and brings up certain statements made by the *secession* papers of the day, militating against the consistency of Gen. Leach. We have only to say that Gen. Leach denies having made use of the language attributed to him, and we understand he is in possession of evidence corroborating him in his denial. If Gen. Leach had devoted himself to the correction of misrepresentations made by secession journals during the period he sat in the Richmond Congress, he would not have had much time to look after the interests of his constituents. As Gen. Leach was elevated to that Congress on a peace platform, it was not to be expected the bitter war journals would be very friendly towards him, or that they would be particularly careful to represent him correctly. It seems strange to us that the radical papers of to-day will accept the authority of Confederate war journals, only in cases where they have made statements injurious to gentlemen who now occupy a Conservative position, and that they repudiate such authority, in most instances, where their statements affect Republican candidates.

A correspondent of the Raleigh *Sentinel* writing to that paper an account of the Davidson College Commencement, pays the following handsome and deserved tribute to the Salem Brass Band, than which there is none finer in the State:

"The music on this occasion was furnished by the Salem Brass Band, which fully sustained the reputation of that venerable town as being the home of sweet sounds, and the resort of fair forms. From Salem, the city of peace, one has a right to expect a concord of harmonious tones, and in this expectation no one at Davidson was disappointed."

It has been charged over and over again upon the radical party that it favors the rich monopolist and crushes down the poor man. The charge is true. The radical journals may deny it, but their denial is worth nothing in the face of facts. Take a single instance as an example of the way in which radicalism works. The importation duty—the tariff—on iron is about two and a half cents per pound. This duty enables the wealthy iron manufacturers of Pennsylvania to get two and a half cents more on every pound of iron the farmer uses. For every pound of iron used by the poor farmer of North Carolina, two and a half cents drops into the pocket of the Pennsylvania iron manufacturer, more than ought to drop there. This tariff of two and a half cents is not a duty for revenue. Not at all. It means prohibition. Its intention is to drive foreign iron away from our markets, so that the Pennsylvania monopolists may wax richer and richer. The government would derive a greater revenue from iron by the imposition of a lower duty. But a small duty would not answer the purposes of the radical millionnaires of Pennsylvania, who live in palaces and ride in fine coaches driven by liveried coachmen, all purchased and paid for out of the hard earnings of the farmer—paid for out of the dimes and dollars ground out of the farmer by radical "protection" and misrule.

Now, let us take a brief glance at our side of the picture—at the North Carolina side—at the work of our own hands—at the product of our own manufactures. Let us take the article of tobacco which is the chief staple of this section. Are *we* protected like the Pennsylvania iron men? Not at all, but, on the contrary, we are taxed 32 cents per pound—nearly one hundred and fifty per cent more than its value. This enormous tax destroys all exportation, cuts us off from the world as a market, paralyzes the production of the crop, blasts our industry and uproots the very source of our living. This is radical *justice*. This is the way our interests are cared for and fostered. This is the policy which W. W. Holden is endeavoring to fasten upon us by Kirk's Tennessee militia and at the point of the bayonet. We want the people to reflect upon it, and then, rising in their peaceful majesty, go boldly up to the ballot-box and vote down the men who endorse and would perpetuate such a state of things.

Hon. F. E. Shober is, we presume, by this time, fighting the good fight in his glorious, true-hearted District. We see by our exchanges that he has reached Salisbury, he having been detained by his desire to aid in passing the disability bill provided it came up.

The people of Mr. Shober's district intend to send him to the next Congress by a rousing majority. They have every confidence in his prudence, patriotism, and ability to represent them as it is their desire to be represented. Independent candidates may succeed in making the canvass a little more brisk, but they will fail to shake Mr. Shober's hold upon the confidence and affections of his constituents.

Remember that Mr. S. F. Phillips, the radical candidate for Attorney General, candidly acknowledged in his speech at Tucker Hall in Raleigh, that the burden of taxation fell upon the poor man at last. He told the truth. Vote down the party whose prodigality and corruption has piled up this taxation until it rests like a mountain upon us.

REGISTER! REGISTER!!

It is the duty of every voter to take time by the forelock, and have his name placed upon the registration lists, if it is not already there. Those whose names are already upon the lists are not required to register again, unless they have changed their places of residence. It will not do a particle of harm for those already registered to see to it that their names are entered upon the present lists, and thus "make assurance doubly sure." It is the duty of the registrars to have their books open *now*, to keep them open until the closing of the polls on the day of election, and to be ready at all times to receive and register such qualified voters as may offer themselves for suffrage.—So says the law. Voters must register in their own precincts, and cannot vote at any other precinct unless furnished with a certificate of registration from the registrar. No registered voter can be challenged on the day of election, but those offering to register on the day of election, may be challenged. Persons applying for registration before the day of election can be challenged at the time of application. The Commissioners of this County have appointed the following magistrates as Registrars for their respective townships:

Belews Creek Township—	R. S. Linville, Esq.	
Salem Chapel	"	Harden Haizlip, Esq.
Bethania	"	Samuel Stoltz, Esq.
Old Richmond	"	T. J. Stauber, Esq.
Kernersville	"	A. H. S. Beard, Esq.
Middle Fork	"	W. A. Lowry, Esq.
Old Town	"	N. C. Dawson, Esq.
Vienna	"	Philip Mock, Esq.
Abbott's Creek	"	Eli Weavil, Esq.
Broadbay	"	Noah Hine, Esq.
South Fork	"	Thomas Spach, Esq.
Lewisville	"	L. C. Laugenour, Esq.
Winston	"	Jacob Tice, Esq.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed Judges of the Election in their respective Townships:

Belews Creek Township—W. M. Medearis, J. F. Vance.

Salem Chapel Township—T. Marshall, Sidney Marshall, Jr.

Bethania Township—F. Flynt, W. E. Lehman.

Old Richmond Township—Thomas Long, Wm. Spainhour.

Kernersville Township—Philip Kerner, V. W. Perry.

Middle Fork Township—Joseph Crews, Jr., John Beeson.

Old Town Township—J. C. Crews, John H. Shore.

Vienna Township—Elijah Doub, Thomas M. Hunter.

Abbott's Creek Township—John Hasten, John Hedgecock.

Broad Bay Township—Samuel Weavel, W. L. Sink.

South Fork Township—C. D. Sides, Henry Shoaf.

Lewisville Township—W. B. Stipe, M. V. Warner.

Winston Township—Solomon Mickey, Wm. Lomax.

[Correspondence of the Press.]

DAVIDSON COUNTY, July 9th, 1870.

Mr. Editor—After reading the article of D. H. Starbuck in the *Advocate* of last week, in which he meanly attempts to revive old prejudices and party feuds by reverting to the mangled forms that are bleaching upon the hills of a thousand battle-fields, I could not resist giving the public a few pages out of his majesty's record. Now, Mr. Starbuck, you claim to be an exponent of Radical principles, and do you have the audacity to stand up in 1870, and charge all this blood-letting upon any one party, and extricating your majesty's self from all complicity in it. You are a pretty man to be representing yourself as a true saint of peace, with the olive branch in your hand, and wearing the white robe unsoiled. Did you not, in the spring of 1861, at Amos Stewart's, then and there make a fervid appeal to your fellow countrymen, urging them to volunteer and show a bold front to the North? "Come one, come all," you cried, "our country calls; let us heed her voice. The Hessians are invading our soil, and it is every man's duty to shoulder his musket and go to the front. A bold front is our only safety, &c." Did you, or did you not say this? Did not your secession fervor hold out for some time after this, and did you not in the State Convention, vote for measures to carry on the war, both in men and money?

I hear that you are privately abusing the the late legislature and declaring that many of its acts were fraudulent, and participated in by both Conservatives and Radicals. Now, sir, did you not write many of the resolutions and bills which were passed by that body? Did you detain many witnesses that had been summoned to attend the Federal Court at Raleigh, for weeks, by your being so deeply interested in the various bills you had gotten up and helped to lobby through? Did you let cases which ought to have been attended to in the Federal Court be put off from day to day, until all was well at the capitol? I know of some thirty witnesses who were detained for two weeks, who expected to be released in from four to six days. Now, sir, you abuse the Legislature and its members for the very things you helped them do.

Again, what have you done with all the five-dollar bills that you got from the loyal men of Forsyth, Davidson and Guilford as a fee to get back their horses, or their value, which were taken by the Federal troops? I know you charged five dollars for each horse, and from one man you got fifteen dollars.

No fair man would take money from a friend to do a piece of work, and then not do the work, or return the money either. I tell you, sir, that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. You are now seeking to injure the Conservative party by low attempts to revive the ill feelings engendered by the war, and hence I have brought to your recollection the foregoing items. Can you deny them? The people believe them to be true. And there are many other things of the same sort which will be brought out, if you persist in your present course of conduct. You had much better let the politics of this section alone. That is all I have to say to you at present. DAVIDSON.

[Correspondence of the Press.]

MR. EDITOR:—I am not much in the habit of writing pieces for the paper, and so must beg indulgence for any mistakes I may make. I want to say a word to the people of our county, especially the Republicans, about the coming election. Heretofore we have gone to the polls and voted for whoever was put upon the ticket, taking it for granted that he was a good Republican, and that we would have peace, quietness and economy. That is how we came to vote for Gov. Holden and John P. Vest. We all saw what Mr. Vest's economy came to, and now we begin to see what Gov. Holden's peace promises are worth. I am tired of this sort of thing. I don't intend to have my politics managed any longer by a "ring" of office holders who meet at the Court-House, under lock and key, and fix up things to suit themselves. No more Holdens or Vests or Mastens for me, or any body that is their pet. I think the people can judge for themselves who they want to put in office, without having the thing cut and dried for them. A convention of the party is called to meet at the Court-House on next Saturday. Don't anybody with a grain of sense know that it is only a blind, and that all the nominations have been decided upon already by the office-holders and their pets in secret caucus I don't like it, and am not going to be led like a lamb to the shambles. If the Republicans of this county cannot take care of their own affairs they had better give up, and look about for some other party, not managed by bloodsuckers and which is interested in restoring credit in this State, and relieving us of the heavy taxes, which, as Gen. Leach has truly said in his late speech, will soon be staring us in the face.

Sheriff Masten is first ring-master in this county, and he is chiefly interested in getting himself endorsed in the coming election by the popular vote, although he says that whether voted for or not, he intends to hold on. It is own precious self he wants to take care of more than any thing else He has been down in this settlement trying to stuff us with a pack of tales, which he don't believe himself, and ought to have sense enough to know that nobody else believes. The people of the county ought to beware. They have been fooled two or three times, and if they are fooled again it will be their own fault, and not the fault of an original REPUBLICAN.

Broadbay Township, July 9, 1870.

LOCAL AND STATE ITEMS.

☞ A gentleman of this town has kindly shown us a letter written last Saturday by a lady in Salisbury, in which she refers to Col. Kirk and his gang in the following language:

"Kirk's command was in town last night, but has left us now and gone on to Caswell, I believe. They created great excitement here. Bill Stockton managed to get into a difficulty with them, and one of the desperadoes fired into the Mansion House piazza while the guests were all at supper, creating no little alarm. The people here all look upon it as a second Stoneman's raid."

If that is the way in which Gov. Holden's peaceful lambs are going to conduct themselves, they will get themselves, as well as His Excellency, in a peck of trouble. We do not wonder that men of all parties agree in denouncing this infamous proceeding, and declare they will no longer support a party by which it is countenanced.

☞ A friend, writing to us from High Point, says: "Col. Kirk, with his crowd of Tennessee soldiers, passed through this place the other day, on his way either to Caswell or Orange—the latter county, I expect, for that is where Jo. Turner lives, and one of their great objects is to bedevil him. They were uniformed and armed as the "law directs." It made the rads look rather blue about the gills, for they cannot assign any good reason for this wanton abuse of the good citizens of this State. Several radicals living within a mile of me, have come over to the Conservative ranks in the past few days. They say that if nothing else would have turned them, this military business is enough."

The Republicans of Davidson have nominated Thomas P. Allen for the Senate, and B. F. Beckerdite and Joseph Miller Sr., for the Commons.

SUICIDE.—On Monday last, Coroner Aug. Fogle received notice of the finding of the dead body of a man on the premises of Capt. William Clinard, in this county, some twelve or thirteen miles from Salem. Summoning a jury, the Coroner immediately proceeded to the place indicated, where he found the body suspended from the limb of a tree, with its arms around the limb to keep the body in position. The body had evidently been hanging for some days, as it had become very offensive, and this led to its discovery. Notwithstanding it was decomposed, and had been shockingly disfigured by buzzards, it was ascertained to be the remains of William Carter. After patient investigation, the jury rendered a verdict that deceased had committed suicide by hanging. His knapsack was found lying near by, the leather strap of which he had used to commit the deed. Curiously enough, the strap was not around his neck, but merely passed under his chin and behind his ears, thus showing that the act was done deliberately.

Carter was formerly an industrious and hard working man, but of late years had led a roving life. He was evidently of unsound mind and his mental disorder had been recently aggravated by untoward circumstances. For some threats at arson officers were on the lookout for him, and probably for this reason he had kept himself secluded, and was not sooner missed by the neighbors. He was about 47 years of age, and leaves a wife and children.

The following are the names of the jury: E. B. Teague, David Smith, Jeffrey Smith, John F. Smith, W. E. Spaugh, M. Williard, John P. Hedgecock, W. R. Williard, John H. Chamberlin, Philip Cook, G. W. Johnson, and Elijah T. Robbins.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.—Mr. S. T. Mickey, of this place, presented us with some very fine specimens of early peaches, a few days since, plucked from trees in his orchard, planted last year.

Mr. Mickay also cultivates the very productive variety of the Harrison potato, two hills of which yielded him 108 potatoes.

A gentleman residing near Mocksville informs us that on last Saturday night, about one o'clock, a brilliant meteor exploded in that vicinity. It shot from the south east and passed in a north west direction. Although its duration was but a few seconds, its lustre made everything as bright as moonlight. Its color at first was a beautiful blue, and rapidly passing through different shades, it finally resolved itself into a vivid crimson, and burst like a rocket scattering from it a shower of fiery rain. No sound accompanied its passage or its explosion.

☞ We are indebted to C. M. Moss, Esq., late of Clemmonsville, for several packages of Missouri and Kansas papers.

FOREIGN.

The latest news from Europe has a decidedly warlike aspect. The Spanish leaders are intriguing for the election of a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain, and France will not permit it. The situation is alarming, and Europe is excited from centre to circumference. Gold has advanced, and continental securities have depreciated. Should war actually ensue between the two great powers of France and Prussia, there is no telling what will be the result. It may end in a general conflagration, involving all the powers.

MARRIED,

At the Moravian Church in Salem, on the 13th inst., by Rev. M. E. Grunert, Mr. J. FRANK FRATHER to Miss MOLLIE, daughter of C. F. Sussdorff, Esq., of Winston. No cards.

The happy couple have our thanks for their kind remembrances. The sunlight gently fell around their spousals like a benediction from above. May it have been but the symbol of halcyon days to come, and sunshine forever in the twin hearts which now are one.

DIED,

In this place, on the 10th inst., JOHN W., infant son of C. E. and S. C. Stephenson, of Baltimore.

In this county, Mrs. ANNA STEWART, wife of Moses Stewart.

In this county, on Wednesday morning the 13th inst., Mr. GEORGE CLODFELTER, aged 85 years and nearly 6 months.

THE MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

JENKINS & SKILES, Grocers and Confectioners.

SALEM, N. C., July 15, 1870.

Provisions.		*Provisions.*	
Bacon,	16@18	Beeswax,	25@30
Lard,	17@20	Flour	3 @3½
Beef,	5@10	Meal	3½
Veal,	6@ 8	*Grain.*	
Lamb,	7@ 9	Wheat,	1 20@1 25
Chickens, pair,	20@30	Corn	1 20@1 25
Ducks,	30@40	Rye,	1 15@1 20
Butter,	20@00	Oats,	50@ 00
		Peas,	1 25@0 00

REMARKS.—Eggs are in fair demand at 10 to 12½ cents per dozen.

Fruit.—We would advise farmers not to bring in too much green fruit, as the market is full and prices low.

Dried Fruit is in better demand, and we would suggest that more pains be taken to have fruit thoroughly dried and as bright as can be, and have it well pared and cored. We quote dried fruit to-day at 15 cents for pitted Cherries, would prefer to have them nice; red and black together.

Blackberries, 7 to 8 cents. per pound.

Apples, 3 to 7 cents " "

Peaches, we think will bring a good price, and farmers will do well to dry all they can and have them sliced and bright.

We would say to Butter makers to take as much pains as possible in putting it up and have it fresh and yellow; and if in Prints it will improve its sale 2 to 3 cents per pound.

Danville Tobacco Market.

July 12, 1870.

Lugs.—Common, 6 to 8, Good, 8 to 10, Fine, 10 to 15, Extra Smoking, 15 to 40.

Leaf—Common, 8 to 10, Good, 10 to 15, Fine, 15 to 20, Yellow Wrappers, 20 to 100.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 12.—Gold 13½; Penn. ex-coupons 68½, new 68½; Va. ex coupons 68, new 68½; La. old 77, new 72; Ala. 8s 1 01, 5s 73; Ga. 6s 89, 7s 95; N. C. old 52, new 34½; S. C. old 92, new 82½.

PETERSBURG MARKET.

PETERSBURG, VA., July 12.—Bacon, hog round 17 to 18. Flour $7 00 to $8 00. Wheat $1 25 to $1 30. Lard 18 to 20.

State of North Carolina, } Superior Court.
FORSYTH COUNTY. }

The State of North Carolina to the use of E. A. DeSchweinitz, Plaintiff,
against
William McMillan, as Administrator of Isaac Grubbs, deceased, Defendant.

In this case it is made to appear, by affidavit, that said defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, and that the plaintiff has a good cause of action against him; and it further appearing that a summons in this case was issued against the said defendant, returnable before the Judge of our Superior Court, to be held for the county of Forsyth, at the Court-house in Winston, on the 8th Monday after the 3d Monday of September, 1870, which was ordered to be served on the defendant by publication for six successive weeks in the People's Press, a newspaper published in Salem, N. C. And let the said defendant take notice that if he fail to answer the complaint, which is filed in my office, during said term, the plaintiff take judgment against him for the sum of Twelve hundred dollars, to be discharged upon the payment of three hundred and forty five dollars, with interest on $206 from Spring term, 1869, of Forsyth Superior Court. Also $14 90 cents costs.

Said defendant is further notified that the said plaintiff hath obtained a warrant of attachment in said case against the property of said defendant for said sum of $359 90, due the plaintiff by judgment in said Superior Court, as above stated; which warrant of attachment is returnable before the undersigned, Clerk of said Court, at his office in Winston, on the 25th day of August, 1870, when and where further proceedings will be taken on said attachment.—Given under my hand, at office, at Winston, N. C., July 12, 1870.

JOHN BLACKBURN, C. S. C.

July 15, $23-6w

NOTICE.

Taxes! Taxes!! Taxes!!

I WILL ATTEND AT

Sides,	Monday, July	18, 1870,
Hooksville School House, Tues.	"	19, "
Old Town,	Wednesday, "	20, "
Brooks Town,	Thursday, "	21, "
Blackburn's School House, Frid'y	"	22, "
Benj. Hampton's	Saturday, "	23, "
Widow Sarah Clinard's, Monday,	"	25, "
John Hasten's	Tuesday, "	26, "
Vestel W. Perry's	Wednesday, "	27, "
Crim's ⋈ Roads,	Thursday, "	28, "
Harden Haslip's,	Friday, "	29, "
Crews' School House, Saturday,	"	30, "
Salem, (Butner's Hotel,) Mond.	Aug.	1, "
Winston,	Tuesday, "	2, "

For the purpose of receiving the State, County and School tax, now due, for the year 1870, from the tax-payers of Forsyth County. The taxes are as follows:

On $100 valuation,	Poll Tax.
State tax, 20 cts.	State tax, $1.10
Public School tax, 8 cts.	County tax, 60
Penitentiary tax, 8 cts.	County School tax, 60
Turnpike Road tax, 1½ ct.	
County School tax, 20. cts.	
County Tax, 20 cts.	

M. MASTEN, *Sheriff*.

June 27th, 1870.-25

THE AMERICAN

FRUIT PRESERVING POWDER,

WILL effectually prevent Fermentation and subsequent decay, in all kinds of *Fruits, Tomatoes, Vegetables, Cider, &c.,* and preserve them in good and wholesome condition, without the trouble or expense of air-tighting the jars or cans. They admit of keeping the fruit, &c., in large glass, earthen, or stoneware vessels, and of using or removing therefrom from time to time as wanted, without fermentation being occasioned by weeks of full exposure to the air.

This is a different preparation from "Spears' Solution," and will not affect the taste of the fruit, if used according to the directions.

One package will preserve sixty-four (64) pounds of fruit. Price $1 Full and explicit directions for using accompany each package; and although the directions with package are full and elaborate, they are simply explained as follows: Prepare the fruit in the same manner as for any of the usual modes of preserving; and add an ounce of the Preserving Powder to each eight pounds of fruit; cook until done enough for immediate use; then remove into any kind of jars, and cork with an ordinary cork, or tie cloth or paper over the top, when the work is done, and the fruit safe for one or two years.

J. L. FULKERSON,
Sole Agent.

Salem, N. C., June 24, 1870. 3m.

Having used the Powders last season with perfect success, I can fully endorse it. Please see "American Agriculturist," page 207, June 1870. J. A. LINEBACK.

NEW STYLE THRESHING MACHINE.

IF any persons in this section of country desire to purchase a good

Threshing Machine,

they should call on the undersigned, and examine a new style of Threshing Machine and Horse Power just received by him.

The Thresher and Cleaner is mounted on wheels, does away with the heavy loading and unloading, does its work well, and is considerably cheaper than the Machines heretofore sold by him.

E. A. VOGLER.

Salem N. C., July 1, 1870.—25-tf.

WILLIAM H. HALL,

GROCER AND CONFECTIONER,

SALEM, N. C.,

At the old stand of James Hall, has now on hand a complete stock of

Cakes, Candies and Confectionery

of all kinds manufactured by himself, together with a fine stock of Family Groceries, carefully selected to suit his trade.

Fresh Candies 20 cents per pound, when taken in lots of 100 pounds and upwards; less quantity 22½ cents.

Cash paid for Corn, Wheat, Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, &c., &c.

June 3, 1870. 21-3m.

FRESH SUPPLY OF GROCERIES.

SMOKING TOBACCO, different brands, and Cigars; Lard, Bacon, &c. A fine lot of Sugar and Coffee, purchased at the late decline, which will be sold low at retail or by the barrel and sack. Cheap Chewing Tobacco, Fish, a good assortment, including Rock Fish, Shad, Drum, &c. Molasses as low as the lowest, if *not a little lower*, in bbls. and tierces. Pretty good Coffee at 20 cts. per lb, by the sack. I promise to suit in quality and price all who may call from Forsyth and the surrounding counties.

Opposite Female Academy, Salem, N. C.

B. F. GROSLAND.

July 1st, 1870-25-4w.

Hints for Young Ladies.

It's hardly the thing to be witty
If you are decidedly young;
A girl may be charmingly pretty
And yet have the deuce of a tonge;
Sharp answers are rather enraging,
When uttered with piquancy cool;
And a girl may be sweetly engaging,
And make a man look like a fool.

To women who hunt and are glossy
(All femine softness forgot)
A well-behaved man may be saucy—
He's surely a spoon if he's not;
They fancy it very delightful
To strike out a path of their own;
But the world is uncommonly spiteful,
And never will let them alone.

So, though I don't wish to be rude, dears,
To you—by the slangy called "fast;"
Though often the first to be wooed dears,
You'll find that you married the last!
Your sentiments rather too gushing,
Your wit is a little too free;
And women who understand blushing
Men like for their wives, don't you see?

To try by your airs to outdo men
Is really a wonderful plan;
The loudest and fastest of women
Would make such a very slow man!
And 'twould be the same with us men dears,
If we tried this mimicry poor;
We should be as ridiculous then, dears;
What girls we would make to be sure!

Then do not consider it vexing,
Your lives are such different things;
And never attempt at unsexing—
Sure queens are as royal as kings!
You soon would find out what distress is,
Without his strong arm and advice;
Without your quick wit and caresses,
He wouldn't find life half so nice.

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumbling in his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

'Young man do you believe in a future state? 'In course I do, and whats more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

Little Howard came into the room where his mother had just hung up a clean curtain, and made the astute observation, 'Oh, ma, the window has got on a clean shirt!'

'John,' asked a physician of the apothecary's apprentice, 'Did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?' 'I guess so,' replied John, 'for I saw crape hanging to the door knob, this morning.'

An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

The measles are in Brigham Young's family. It is unnecessary to add that there are not enough to go around, and several dozen are left without a measle.

'Sir,' said one politician to another, 'my party is an immovable rock.' 'Then sir, the ship of state should steer clear of it.'

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was his reply.

The greatest pleasure in lifel is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sound sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

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In English and German.

THIS BOOK is a sure, safe and practical guide to every Farmer, Stock Raiser, Gardner and Fruit Culturist. By it they can double their profits each year, and greatly increase the value of their land. It makes the poor man rich. It makes hard work easier. It rewards the labor of honest working men, and is purchased by almost every one at sight. Nearly 600 copies sold in a few small townships, and, in many cases, hundreds in a single township. Agents can find no better work during the winter. Farmers and their sons can each make $100 per month by selling only three or four copies per day, while more than double that number can easily be sold. Farmers always make our most successful agents for this book. If you wish to engage in the business, send for circular containing a full description of the book and terms to agents.

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April 22.

NEW STORE!

I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that I have opened at the old stand of

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a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

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In a word, purchasers will find my stock to consist of everything usually kept in a first-class retail house, all of which has been bought with special care, and on the most favorable terms, thereby enabling me to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH OR BARTER.

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R. A. WOMMACK,
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Salem, Jan. 14th, 1870. 1s-tf.

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NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.

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The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

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Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation.

With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
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Will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superceding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

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Do not fail to try it for you will like it.

ASK for it and take no other.

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